A Pilgrim and a Stranger

Words by Jane L. Borthwick; Translated by Paul Gerhardt
Music by Hubert P. Main

1. A pilgrim and a stranger I journey here below; Far distant
   is my country, The home to which I go. Here I must toil and travel, Oft
   saints and prophets, The patriarchs of yore, They trod the toilsome journey In
   my sojourn ing is not my destined home; That ever more a bid eth, Je-
   call Thy servant To blessedness with Thee. Come, bid my toils be ended; Let

2. It is a well-worn path way—Man y have gone before; The holy
   weary and oppressed, But there my God shall lead me To everlasting rest.
   patience and in faith: And then I fain would follow, Like them in life and death.
   ru salem above, The everlasting city, The land of light and love.
   all my wand rings cease, Call from the way side lodging To Thy sweet home of peace.